## [Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved.] Driven From Sea to Sea

Or, JUST A CAMPIN'.

BY C. C. POST. PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF J. E. DOWNEY & Co., PUBLISHERS, CHICAGO.

CHAPTER XVI.-CONTINUED. But now all knew to a certainty that the family circle was to be broken, and

broken somewhat rudely. To Lucy there constantly came the thought that Erastus was going because of his love for her, although he made no sign and she could only sur-

She realized, too, more and more, how dearly she loved him, and that a union with Mr. Annelsey, separating her as it would do from all she held most dear, would not bring her happiness. She saw now that her lover had no influence which could be used to aid the settlers in obtaining justice from the mining company, and that, even if he should be generous enough to give direct personal assistance to her own family, which somehow she doubted.

her father was far too proud to ac-Cept it.
Then the thought which had come to her during the ride home from the landing, when the announcement of her eugagement had been made, that her family must think her selfishly seeking an alliance with one who was connected with the cause of their misfortunes, returned to her again and again, producing a feeling that she was excluded from their innermost thoughts and affections, which could not but affect her actions, however she might struggle against it, and which, re-

acting upon the others, very nearly produced the feeling she deplored. Mrs. Parsons felt that her flock of younglings were about to take wing; that the children for whom she had labored and planned and lived were to go from her, in all probability never to be reunited on earth again. Not only Erastus, but Lucy, and then Jennie, would soon seek homes for themselves; and that, too, far away from their par-

ents, who were to be left alone and lonely in their old age. No, not quite alone. Johnny would never leave them; no matter what else might happen, the bird with the broken

wing would not leave the home nest. But what if the nest should be destroyed, and the crippled bird be left to suffer from lack of food and shelter? She and John were getting old now. She had never recognized this as a fact before, but now she felt that it was true. Supposing that the ranch should be destroyed, and they in their old age,

and with a helpless child, be turned out to begin again? Suppose-but no, she would not think The Lord would provide. They had been through many trials, and their sufferings had not been more than they could bear, and she must not permit herself to be gloomy and so add to the

sufferings of the others. She went about her work with cheerful air; putting Erastus' clothing in the best possible repair; made him new shirts and underclothes, and did many little things besides, which she thought might add to his comfort when he should be far from her, with none to do these little favors for him.

As for John Parsons, he was simply The gleam of sunshine which had come to him when hope revived with the beginning of the work on the dam

had died out, and he saw nothing bright in the gloom which enveloped him. He went around in a quiet kind of way, saying little, but striving to add what he could to the physical comfort of each member of his family, but

neither suggesting nor opposing any-And now the morning of the day on

which Erastus was to leave them had

arrived. The wagon which he was to take had been loaded the day before. There was a bed and bedding, his trunk containing his personal effects, and a box into which Mrs. Parsons and the girls had managed, unknown to him, to put several little articles of comfort or luxury as a pleasant surprise and reminder of there when he should unpack it at the end of the journey.

There was also a plow and a few other agricultural and mechanical implements, several sacks of grain for the colts, and provisions sufficient to last a little time after he should reach his destination.

Silently he took the hand of the man who had been the only father he had ever known. With all his might he strove to say good-bye, but could not master his voice, and he dropped the hand, kissed each of the women in turn, and without a word sprang upon the wagon and drove away out of their

As the family turned to enter the house, old Bose, who had appeared not exactly to understand the cause of all he had seen, looked inquiringly up into their faces and then away in the direction in which the wagon had disappeared, as if to ask if this was anything more than the usual daily trip to town. Apparently convinced by the sorrow-

ful looks of all that something grave had occurred, he lifted his nose in the air and gave a long, low, mournful howl, and lay down with his head upon his outstretched paws, and continued to look down the road.

He never returned to his old place upon the kitchen porch, but always, until he died, was to be found near the same spot in the front yard, with his head turned in one direction, and if not steeping, with his old eyes fixed upon the point in the road where a wagon coming over the hill would first be visible. Occasionally, if hungry, he would go to the kitchen for food, but usually it was carried to him, and one morning when they went to feed him, they found him dead, his head upon his outstretched paws, as if still looking down the road.

CHAPTER XVII.

DESOLATION. Erastus was six days in making the fourney to Mussle Slough, and a desoate looking country he found it. For miles and miles, at this season of the year, not a green thing appeared apon which to fasten the smallest hope

of ever changing the waste into fertile fields of grass and grain. The settlers already there seemed or four inches of rain fell during the en- asked was given and even twice extire year, and for months at a time the | tended, Those who possessed a little money Those who possessed a little money the papers in the case was discovered, when they came had expended it in substill further time consumed.

By this time the fall rains had compared to put them back.

were now dependent for the means of subsistence upon small patches of ground near the lake, distant in many instances from four to seven miles from

their claims. Even these patches had to be con-stantly guarded from droves of ravenous and half wild cattle belonging to the herdsmen who gave little attention, and who were illy disposed toward any attempts at inclosing or cultivating the land which, although seemingly little better than a desert, at certain periods of the year produced a thin growth of wild alfalfa upon which their stock fed, being in the main driven to better pas-

tures as the dry season advanced. These patches of ground were made fertile by their nearness to Lake Tulare, and by being but little above the level

of its waters. Veritable oases in the desert these spots seemed, and upon them the set-tlers raised the few bushels of corn and beans and vegetables which formed their sole means of subsistence while

prosecuting the work of redeeming their claims by the herculean task of digging an irrigating ditch upwards of twenty miles long, by means of which they were to obtain water from the river above them, and convert the desert into a But if these oases furnished garden spots for the settlers they were also de-

sired by the herdsmen, for a few of whose cattle they supplied pasturage the year round, and being without the means of fencing them in, the protection of their little crops meant a constant watch upon the cattle, and one

which consumed the entire time of some member of each family. Owing to the lack of feed, but few were able to keep teams, and that they continued the unequal contest for their nomes can only be understood when it s known that of all the rich farming lands of the State not an acre remained for pre-emption or purchase except at second-hand, and as a rule, in large bodies, being held by corporations or individuals who claimed it under pretended grants from Spain or Mexico, given before California was ceded to the United States, or by act of Congress since that time. So that this barren, sandy plain offered the only hope for poor men in California of obtaining a portion of the inheritance of the race.

Besides, they had confidence that, once irrigated, it would produce abunddantly, and well repay all their labors by future yields of fruit and grain. All efforts to induce men with capital to invest in the enterprise of cutting the ditch and depending upon the sale of water privileges for reimbursements had failed - the idea that any amount of water could render the sand of the plains fertile being scouted as visionary, the land being judged not worth paying taxes upon - and the settlers had undertaken the task themselves, all

Hemmingway arrived in the com-So dreary and forbidding was the outlook that he felt tempted to leave again immediately, but, knowing that claim at the Slough. no land remained open for pre-emption elsewhere in the State, at last he decided to stay and cast his lot with those who were so manium overcome the difficulties by which they

unaided, and had been two years at

work on the main ditch when Erastus

were surrounded. Guided in part by the advice of such arrival, he located a claim of one hundred and sixty acres, and made arrangements to live for a time in the family of a settler who was on a claim adjoining his own, agreeing to pay a small sum weekly for such food and accommodations as they could offer.

Of the half dozen men who accompanied Erastus to the Slough, not one had the hardihood to remain. All were too much discouraged by the outlook, and either returned to the old neighborhood or sought places for rent in other portions of the country.

When he had staked out his claim Erastus hitched up and drove across the country until he found pasturage, and a rancher who was willing to let the colts run with his own stock until such time as the light rains, which might be expected to fall a few months later, should revive the seemingly dead grass of the Mussle Slough country. He then returned to the Slough on foot, and went to work with his fellow-settlers upon the ditch, which was their

only hope For weeks and months he worked in company with these men, many of whom had worked through all the weeks and months of the two previous any; kind for long periods at a time, sleeping upon the ground almost as frequently as in a bed, working at night as well as by day, their families camping in wretched little huts at the lake watching the patches of vegetables and corn upon which their very existence

depended. When the rain came and vegetation started up, the colts were brought down from their pasture and made to do a portion of labor on the ditch; their young master taking the best care of

He had written home soon after positively deciding to locate at the Slough. but had refrained from giving a very accurate description of the country or of his prospects, not wishing to excite any anxiety in the minds of his friends regarding his welfare. In reply he had received letters from the family telling him of affairs in the old neighborhood. Then for some weeks he was silent, not feeling that he had anything cheerful to communicate, and dreading, yet longing, to hear further regarding the engagement between Lucy and Mr.

Annelsev Meantime the dam which was to save the Parsons settlement from the overflow had been completed, but scarcely was the work accomplished before it became evident that it would not long stay the mass of slickings which was coming down in such immense quantities from the mines above as to have filled the gulch itself a hundred feet deep for ten miles below Gravel Hill, and in spite of the fact that large quantities of it were turned aside into the new channel cut for it above the dam, it was slowly but surely filling the whole gorge and would soon rise above that structure, even if it did not sweep

Another meeting of the settlers was called, at which it was resolved to apply to the courts for a perpetual inunction restraining the companies from emptying their slickings into the gorge. The services of a prominent attorney of San Francisco were secured and application for the injunction made.

But there were delays. The attorneys for the mining companies asked for time in which to produce evidence to show why the injunction should not issue, and although the settlers pleaded the absolute necessity

Ther some technicality in the law or

menced, and a few days later the gorge above the dam was full, not of water alone, but of earth and stones, which, pressing against that hastily built structure, swept it away and went pouring over the valley and farm lands

below. The bed of the creek was at once filled with sand and gravel. Brush and timbers from the broken dam, together with whole trees washed down by the operations at the mines, were swept along with the current and, finding lodgment, formed a barrier which in turn banked up the water and earth behind it, until over whole farms the worthless soil from the mountains rose to a depth of ten or twelve feet, burying orchards and vineyards, and even

some small buildings beneath the accumulated mass. Powerless to stay its course, John and Martha Parsons saw the flood of death rise about them. Saw first their lower fields flooded and made valueless. Then saw the flood rise about the grape-vines until they were buried from sight, and the mass of earth and water, rising more slowly now, reached the orchard and the higher grounds upon which stood the cottage with its

outlying farm buildings. Day by day they watched the horrible mass close in about them.

Now the topmost limbs of the peach trees alone appeared in sight, and then disappeared entirely. At night the garden fence had been reached; in the morning it was a foot deep within the inclosure, and was rap-

idly approaching the door yard from three sides. Now it reaches the front gate, creeps through the latticed fence and up the gravel walk. One by one the flowerbeds disappear, swallowed up by the horrible anaconda that is winding its folds about the doomed cottage, whose inmates watch its approach in helpless agony, knowing that no human power can prevent the total destruction of all

that years of toil and economy, had enabled them to accumulate. What is to be done? Already a dozen of the neighbors have been driven from their houses and

are domiciled in those more remote from the scene of the overflow, or are camping out among the hills overlooking their desolate homes.

A few more days and the ocean of mud and water will enter their own cottage; where shall they seek for ref-There is no one in the cottage now but John and Martha Parsons and the crippled boy: the young girl who was

with them for a time having returned

to her own home, and Jennie and Lucy being still in San Francisco. Evidently the girls could not long remain at school now, for their parents had no longer any means of paying their expenses. Every dollar of the income of the past year had been expended in paying for work upon the dam and in the effort to obtain the injunction, and but fifty dollars remained in bank of that once laid aside to aid Erastus, now upon his own

"The girls must come home," Mrs. Parsons had said when word came that the dam had broken and all was

"We must send for them, father. If we are to lose everything we can not pay their expenses in the city any longwill write a letter at once, telling them to come by the first boat.'

But her husband pointed to the lake of mud and water, already six or eight feet deep, over the road across the creek bottom.

"We can't git to the landing," he said. "A horse would mire in that stuff'fore he got half way to the bridge.' "Then we must go to the landing above. Can't you get some of the neighbors to go for you? Mr. Ritchie's Henry will go, I think. You know they are not in as much danger yet as

"I kin git some one to go, I s'pect, Marty," replied her husband; "I kin git some one to go, I reckon, but there ain't no home fer the girls to come to; er ther won't be by the time they ud git the letter and git here."
"Oh, John! John! is it possible that we have lost everything!" sobbed Mrs.

burying her face in her apron. John Parsons made no reply, and after a few moments his wife checked her sobs and raising her head asked: "Is there no way? Can not the dam be rebuilt and made strong enough and

Parsons, dropping into a chair and

high enough to stop this awful deyears; ill-fed-often without bread of struction of the homes of honest peo-"I reckon we've did everything that kin be done." he returned, "except it

is to push for the injunction on the

companies, and that ain't any use now that the damage is done; and as fer the dam, why the hull gulch is chock-full o' slickens and stuff, and there ain't no possible chance of doin' anything. "No, wife," he added in a hopeless tone of voice, "there can't nothin' be done. We're driv out agin by them as cares nothin' for others, or who think them possible under the circumstances. | that nothin' is wrong that the law can't punish 'em for, and we have got to

work hard in our old age and may be die in a poor-house at the end. If it wasn't for you and Johnny I should wish I were dead a'ready, and I don't see as there is any use in my livin' any longer anyway, for I can't seem to pertect them as is dependent on me, though the Lord knows I've tried to do it."

Mrs. Parsons arose and came and put her arms around his neck and laid her head upon his shoulder.

"You have done all you could, John, and all anybody could have done," she said, "and you must not feel so, dear. It is better for us a thousand times to lose the place and everything on it than to lose you." And then, seeing the tears start in his eyes, she added: 'Don't cry, dear. We have each other yet, and the children, and will manage some way. The girls will probably marry soon, so that they will not suffer greatly by the loss of the ranch, and we shall then have only ourselves and Johnny to provide for, and if we live to be too old to work I am sure the children will be glad to have us with them."

"May be, may be," returned her husband. "I hope so, for your sake and Johnny's, but I want to die before I become a burden on any one. Ef Lucy and Erastus, now, had a' married and could have had the place all right, I shouldn't ever have thought of bein' a burden on them, 'cause they're both our own children like, but now we have no place for ourselves, let alone givin' it to them, and Lucy has took a notion to marry one of the chaps as is respon-sible for our ruin, and I'm thinkin' he wouldn't be over proud of the old folks to hev in New York. At any rate I'll

never ask it. I'd rather starve. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

-Newspaper publishers in New Gui nea, and on the Isthmus of Panama

MRS. CARTER'S EXPERIMENT.

Mother's Mi-take in Wasting Her "Yes, I always save all the old linen. it's so handy in sickness," remarked Mrs. Carter, carefully removing the

buttons from a garment and cutting it into convenient sizes. Mrs. Carter was a diligent woman and a devoted mother. She was continually planning for illness in the family, and kept on hand a stock of with a tea-house, and the residence of simple remedies and appliances ready a wealthy Chinese merchant. John tor use at a moment's notice. She gave herself with as much zeal to this department of her household economy as to stocking the cellar closet with a

generous supply of jellies and pre-Perhaps it is not strange, in a home with several children, an aged father and a feeble sister-in-law, that somebody was always ailing at the Carters'. But, singularly enough, Mrs. Carter, who looked out so religiously for a supply of all needful articles to meet just such emergencies, was never able to give anything in the line of personal services without paying a severe penalty. It was a source of real distress to her that if Edde had the croup or Susie the mumps, an hour's attendance upon them, or the loss of sleep for a single night, would so react upon her system that she would be compelled to go to bed herself and let hired hands give all the sweet and tender ministries

in the sick-room, so precious to a loving heart to render. "Oh, if only I could wait upon my children myself," she moaned one day,

as I sat by her bedside, pitying her suf-ferings from a neuralgic headache. "You might, if you choose," was the thought which I did not express in words till some days later, as we sat together and she was engaged in cutting up the aforesaid garment. Then I

took an opportunity to remark: "Mrs. Carter, your medicine closet lacks one essential.' "Dear me! what is it? A new water-

bag? I thought ours leaked the last time Norah filled it.

"No." I replied, "but it wants good, full supply of vital force.' Evidently shed d not comprehend my meaning, and I continued: "As a wise and provident mother you have a splendid equipment for illness

in everything except your own physical condition. I've been here a dozen times within the last six months in the vain endeavor to lure you out into the open air. but invariably you occupied in getting for somebody to get sick. expend as much time and nervous energy in the preparation for this as would be sufficient, if properly husbanded, for you to carry every one of the children through an ordinary attack of you furnish the tools and let somebody else do the work which your mother love eraves to do. Now suppose you reverse the order of things. Hire some every day a little more vital and nervture dishonors your draft when you present it for surplus funds of strength. necromancy or medicine about it. You need not take a trip to Europe, nor spend months in a nervine asylum. I durance. The highest ideal of health is and begin again. A man or woman who can keep up continuous work of the vestibule, and among the male any kind, within the house or out of it, guests there may be some old gentleis looked upon as an anomaly. They take their recreation in a lump, in a summer vacation, always expensive Rome. As I continue to rub the eves and often disappointing, instead of of my mind in the great drawing-room sprinkling it along all through the of the bungalow far away, my eye suddaily life and toil. Now I claim that | denly lights on the oddest lady's bouyou can so subsidize the forces of nature, wrappad up in pure air and water, simple diet, abundant steep and proper exercise and recreation, as to make yourself an infinitely greater blessing to your family than you now

are. Pardon my plain speech, but you are giving them things and they want yourself. For six months Mrs. Carter tried the experiment of living hygienically, naturally and simply. With how much suc- translucent walls and ceiling of the cess I leave the reader to judge when I say that she carried Susie through an attack of scarlet fever without the aid | Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands. of a hired nurse, and no warrior was Aloha. -G. A. Sala, in London Teleever prouder of a brilliant military achievement.

Are there not other mothers who think the experiment worth trying?-Frances J. Dyer, in Philadelphia Press.

SCENES AT HONOLULU.

A Noted Correspondent's Impressions of

the Life and Scenery in the Uawaiian Capital.

King Kalakaua, after signifying his gracious acceptance of the gifts which I had brought him, and making many kind inquiries touching the health of the Baroness, of Mr. Burdett-Coutts, and of his many friends in Europe, dismissed me with fair words, and I went on my way rejoicing, to fall speedily into the hands of my friends in the wagonette, who straightway took me genially imperious friends of the wagonette would not hear of anything of that kind. I must ride. I must be trans-Atlantic aspect. The consequence was that I saw Honolulu not as in a glass darkly, but under what I may term kaleidoscopic circum stances. It was a splendid day, and the sun was shining glor ously, although far away in the valley we could see the purple clouds pouring down huge sheets of rain. On the right there was the blue sea-calm to-day, majestic, imperturbable; but in the foreground on either side it was one almost maddening succession of kaleidoscope panoef they was to ask for a place by his ramas. Now whole groves of the cocoanut palm: now leafy thickets blazing with the almost indescribably superb scarlet bougainvilleas; then groves of cacti and prickly pear; then hedges bursting forth in brilliant flowers; then trim market gardens, delightful in their greenery, laid out by Chinese gardeners. Then came a vision of the Flowery Land itself, a dream of the who take papers out of wrappers to dear old willow pattern plate—no lon-read and forget to put them back. dear old willow pattern plate—no lon-ger uniform blue and white; but transger uniform blue and white; but trans- which allows no divorces. -N. Y. Mail. next to that of corn in value.

lated into all manner of radiant hues. There was a little streamlet, crossed by a little elliptical bridge, and, upon my word, there were three pig-tailed Chi-namen crossing that bridge, looking for all the world like the celebrated brothers of the willow pattern plate, and there were the willows themselves. and a boat, and a pagoda painted bright red, with little bells pendant from the eaves, and birds of rare plumage were circling in the sky. The place, they told me, contained a Chinese temple. Chinaman does well at Honolulu. A large consignment of Japanese had also arrived the day prior to our landing. The 'Japs' were under engagement to labor in the sugar plantation. They had been inspected by the King, and assured by his Majesty of considerate and equitable treatment. But speedily more kaleidoscopic fragments

of pictures flitted across my field vision. A group of Cath-Sisters of Charity in their wide-sleeved robes and white wimples and pinners beneath their snowy veils. and with their sweet, smiling, rosy faces. Yes; rosy, even beneath the tor-rid sun. Then knots, groups of native children, their complexions apparently heightened either with Cadbury's essence or with Epp's cocoa—black-polled, black, shining, bead-like-eyed urchins, male and female, with little bare brown legs and feet, all clad uniformly in a single garment-a bedgown of white and colored calico and nothing else. A most sensible and suitable garment for this climate—as "mighty convanient" as were Mr. Brian O'Linn's nether garments of sheepskin, of which he turned the wooly side outward in summer, and inward in winter. The Russian moujik, as you well know,

act in precisely the same manner with

his sheepskin gaberdene, or touloupe.

huge cabbage-tree hats, passed us on horseback, they riding astride as the Turkish and Egyptian women do; and then more children, scampering out of school and chattering very harmoniously in a language which to my ears seemed to be nearly all vowels, with just a consonant here and there to keep the weaker vessels of sound in order. And so we came at last to a beautiful bungalow-a fishing villa, I was told, with a landing stage jutting out into the blue sea. And here we found ladies and gentlemen, an elegant collation, Heidseck's Dry Monopole-or was it Pommery and Greno?-in "spuming chalices." There, too. we found not only a hearty welcome but polite conversation-the society small talk of London and Paris, of New York and Washington and San Francisco. The Lady's Gazette of Fashion was lying on one table, the Girl's Own Paper on another. I rubbed, for a moment, the eyes of mumps or measles. As it is, however, my mind and wondered for a moment where I was. Have you not occasionally fallen into a similar condition of temporary uncertainty, wandering on the face of the earth? "Society. one to come in and cut up the band- the whole world over has grown to be ages and do the week's mending, and so much alike. Rub the eyes of your see that the medicine closet is kept re- mind. Where the deuce are you? plenished, while you devote yourself in Sometimes you see in a splendid saloon of the war. And, to crown all, just too inappropriate for New York, we laying up a stock of vitality which will a swarthy gentleman in a black surtout before the Hayes Administration ex- would suggest "General intentions and enable you to substitute your own lov- buttoned to the throat, and with a ing ministrations, when members of searlet fez worn at the back of his the family are ailing, for hired service. head. You are in "society" at Pera of life, in order that this ex-Confederate to the mugwump vote that a general For a prudent woman you are a fear- Constantinople. Again, your neighbor acquaintances as he had made since his er, and if you will take it to the office I fully extravagant one! You use up at dinner is a charming lady, who speaks French with much more purity ous power than you manufacture. Na- than many Parisiennes do. and who is talking enthusiastically about Patti and Nilsson, Sardou and Sarah Bernhardt. Now, it is perfectly possible for you to But the gentlemen present are mainly lay up a reserve of force. There is no in military uniform, and wear large epaulettes of loose bullion. You are dining out in society at St. Petersburg. Again you are at dinner. The ices and know that Americans, as a rule, do not | the coffee are of exquisite quality. You believe in a condition of sustained en- are at Vienna. Somebody is smoking a papelito between the courses. You to run along smoothly for awhile, then | are at Madrid. As you pass the dinbreak down for a season, be patched up ing-room to the drawing-room, you

espy a shovel-hat or so on the table in aiding as a Republican what he abuses guests there may be some old gentle- There is, however, this difference. Both men in red stockings and some younger gentlemen in purple hose. You are at dour that I have ever yet beheld. It is a room within a room-a dainty little boudouir containing a cabinet piano, a rocking chair, a work table, a plenti-

tude of shrubs and flowers and pretty bric-a-brac; but the walls and the ceilings of this room within a room are seemingly of the finest wire gauze. The dainty boudoir reminds me for an instant of a kind of glorified meatsafe. But then I remember that the dainty boudoir are intended to keep out the mosquitoes, and that I am at

graph.

Old Postage Stamps. A Parisian paper has set itself to discover what becomes of the old postage stamps-a question which has vexed the souls of many curious persons on this side of the channel. It was alleged that they were collected for the defrauding of the revenue, the post-marks being obliterated and the stamps re-used. Obviously, however, the small scale upon which such a fraud could be conducted would not account for the millions of used stamps which were known to be collected by the convents. It appears that the convents convert their pupils and their pupils' parents into collectors, and when a million stamps have been amassed and sorted into into custody again, and proceeded to countries and values, they are sold to drive me out of my mind-figuratively | the dealers in foreign stamps, who pay speaking—at the fastest pace at which from £14 to £16 per million for them. the two spirited horses could go at a It is calculated that their retail sale tearing gallop along magnificent roads. and export to other countries leaves I should have dearly longed to have the dealer an average profit of £84 per had a quiet saunter-an observant million. Philatelists will be interested prowl-through the leafy lanes which in knowing, on the authority of our form the streets of Honolulu; but my | Parisian contemporary, that the 1-franc stamps of the Republic of 1849 are now so scarce that they command about £8 each. It would seem, therefore, that a driven by the tall, full-bearded Jehu of | Frenchman might leave his children a

worse heritage than a trunkful of old envelopes. -St. James' Gazette. -Peach jelly: Make a thin syrup with ten ounces of sugar and a half pint of water. Then take ten or twelve ipe peaches, pare them, cut them in halves and take out the stones, bruising the kernels of half of them. Now put the halved peaches, together with the bruised kernels, into the syrup and allow them to simmer for fifteen minutes, adding, for flavor, the zest of two lemons and the juice of three. Then strain the jelly through a jelly bag, add two ounces of dissolved gelatine and pour it into a mould, which should be placed on the ice until the jelly becomes stiff enough to turn out. The peaches themselves may be utilized as a compote. - The Caterer.

-South Carolina is the only State

A STRANGE OMISSION.

The Ensanguined Garment Since Sherman's Assumption of the Role of "Vis-Iting Statesman." Mr. John Sherman delivered a speech

at Mount Gilead, O., and as it had been long time since he had had that

Here is an extract from that portion of his remarks: his remarks:

The rebels are on top. Some of the very men who boastfully threatened to break up the Union, and, with the oath of office in support of the Constitution fresh upon their lips, conspired and confederated to overthrow it, waged war against it and were the cause of the loss of haif a million of lives and thousands of millions of treasure, have been placed in high office again, in the very seats of power which they abandoned with seorn and defiance. Two members of the Confederate Congress and one man who sympathized with them are at the head of great Departments of the Government.

No Cabinet members exactly fit this description: but it is supposed that Bayard, Lamar and Garland are reerate service, though not both in the Confederate Congress, and though Mr. Bayard did not sympathize with them, it is as cheerfully granted that the charge that he did has been repeated fully as often as Presidential elections the Democratic party have no apologies Native women too, their headgear and said:

This strange turn in events has but one example in history, and that was the restoration of Charles II. after the brilliant but brief Protectorate of Cromwell, and, like that restoration, is a reproach to the civilization of the

It has been several years since Charles II. was seated on his throne, so that Mr. Sherman's hearers and the Republican strongholds in the North readers of the Post may not be able to trace the similarity between the two cases; but, coming down to modern times, there is a case tolerably fresh in mind which is worth citing.

Mr. John Sherman, after performing in the role of "Visiting Statesman," became on account thereof a Cabinet officer under Hayes, being Secretary of the Treasury. Seated round the same board was one D. M. Key, of Tennessee, who was not only a rebel who had conspired and confederated against the Union, but he was even a Democrat after the war. This same Administration, of hitherto unproductive, are made to which John Sherman was the active part, bloom and yield bountiful harvests, sent General James Longstreet, the and a general expression of content ranking officer of the Army of North- and happiness is visible on the faces of ern Virginia under Lee, and a West the people south of Mason and Dixon's Point graduate, as the Minister of this line. country to Turkey. This identical set of men retained as Consul to Hong the ensuing Republican Convention in Kong Colonel John S. Mosby, the most | this State may be the adoption of the active Confederate partisan at the close Sherman war-cry. Should it be found pired by limitation it made Postmaster-General Key a United States Judge for tute. It would be a delicate reminder might never be out of office.

John Sherman as a Senator was equally considerate of those whom he scores with so many epithets. He was at the bottom of the alliance with Mahone, which was no more disgraceful because the Virginian was an ex-Confederate and had been a Democrat. Is not this Ohio Republican a pretty fellow to talk of "rebels being placed in high office" and put at the "head of great departments?" What need to go back a couple of centuries or so to Cromwell's day, when eight years is only necessary to show John Sherman not only approving but advising and other people for doing as Democrats. parties appointed rebels to office, while Republicans only rewarded Democratic

Is it not about time for a party to go on a long vacation when this is as good an argument as it can put forward for continued existence and prolonged con-

By the way, why did not Mr. Sherman abuse the dead Grant for putting in his Cabinet not only an ex-Confederate soldier, but a Northern man by birth? This was a strange omission .-Washington Post.

INTERESTING IF TRUE. The President the Biggest Man Connected in Any Way with the Adminis-

manifested among the politicians here at the attitude which General Benjamin F. Butler has assumed toward the present Administration and toward President Cleveland in particular. An inti-mate friend of the President, who is also on terms of close friendship with General Butler, is authority for the state-ment that a letter had been lately received by him from General Butler, in which the latter expressed in most emphatic phrases his admiration of President Cleveland and his course as far as he had gone, and giving it as his opinion that if Cleveland kept on as he had begun he would prove the biggest and best President that had occupied the White House in recent years. In explanation of his change of base as regards his opinion of Cleveland, General Butler is said to have remarked that his estimate of the man had entirely changed since he had become President, and that he had no idea that Cleveland | to enable me to continue my work. I am was made of such stern stuff as his Ad- further thankful, and in a much higher ministration would indicate. General degree thankful, because it has enabled Butler furthermore says, according to me to see for myself the happy harthe same authority, that Cleveland is the master of his political household, and is by all odds the biggest man years ago in deadly conflict." connected in any way with the Administration. This information, astonishing as it is, tallies exactly with several conversations which General Butler has lately had with several prominent gentlemen here and in New York, and there of the Northern and Southern States! appears to be no doubt as to the genu-ineness of the reports. Of course there this attempt of Senator Sherman to deineness of the reports. Of course there is a variety of opinions as to General Butler's motives in assuming this position, but those who know the doughty General's methods best think they see a large-sized rat in the meal-bag. It would be, of course, to the General's children's children.—N. Y. World. advantage to be on the right side of the Administration, but whether the stern stuff which Butler finds in the President would admit of any humor or cajolery of the Butler variety is questionable, to say the least. It is known, however, that General Butler's sentiments have been conveyed to the President, and a who never saw a case of small-pox.member of the Cabinet is said to have remarked on hearing the news that the President was now daily expecting to hear from Blaine and St. John, his two other opponents in the last Presidential erature have been passed, and only recanvass .- Washington Cor. Boston Post.

-The hay crop of this country comes

A MATTER OF COURSE.

The Republican Campaign of 1885—"Re and the Bloody Shirt."

John Sherman has given it out, and its acceptance by the faithful is a matter of course. The Republican war-cry for the campaign of 1885 is "Roach pleasure, so he said, he used a printed and the Bloody Shirt." It is an admiracopy in order that there might be no ble combination, the two issues being mistake hereafter by either party. Of evenly matched and both appealing to course, the Senator raised the "bloody the same low grade of intelligence. shirt." That ensanguined garment has The heart-broken contractor, with only been a part of his wearing apparel or two millions between him and poverty, baggage since long before he was a latter fattening on the public crib for "Visiting Statesman" in Louisiana. Years, and making the American navy a bye-word of shame, is an object to move the compassion of the tender-hearted farmers of Ohio, who, of course, can not help being impressed with the tyranny of a Government that wished to hold this poor old man to his bargain. It is as moving a sight as the distress of another elderly gentleman, mentioned by Dickens, who appealed so pite-ously to the Judge, "a poor old man, my Lord." Meanwhile, Sec-retary Whitney, in the abundance of his heart, is doing his best to get the poor old gentleman out of trouble by finishing his work for him and taking ferred to. It is cheerfully admitted care of the workmen he had abandoned that the two latter were in the Confed- Of course, it is hard on a man of Mr. Roach's years to be ruthlessly torn away from the public crib and the manger, so generously provided for him by the Artful Dodger of the concern, Mr. "Bill" Chandler, and sent out in the cold world to browse with other occur. The Democratic President and contractors. But that is one of the little unavoidable inconveniences that attends. to offer for the presence of these men | the work of reform. The people of the in the Cabinet. There is no State in country have not signified to the Adthe Union from which a Democratic ministration their desire to be fleeced President will not take a Cabinet offi- any longer by this poor old man, and cer, if he see fit. If there be anything they rather think that two millions will in this point John Sherman may have it, but the Ohio Senator went further the Roach door. They prefer to let him build rotten ships for other parties than themselves.

The bloody shirt is an equally sensible issue, especially at the present time, when the South is gathering the harvest and industrial exhibitions are being held or prepared in the leading cities. War has been declared upon by the ex-Confederates in the establishment of manufactories, mills, iron works, etc., at various Southern points. The negroes have awakened from their apathy and normal laziness, and, aroused by the rising tide of industry and prosperity around them, are vying with their white neighbors in the good work of developing the illimitable resources of the country to which they belong. They laugh at the bloody shirt howlers, and think Massa Sherman too comical for anything. Swamps are being reclaimed, lands.

One of the subjects of discussion at intention is all that is necessary for a good Republican, while it would satisfy the Blaineites that the "fundamental test" is not forgotten. It is more than likely, however, judging from the Hungry Joes who are gathering around "the party," that the good old Republican war-cry of "Boodle" will be adopted by a large majority. The faithful are very hungry this year "owing to the changes in so many of the fourth-class post-offices," as our esteemed contemporary, the Journal, so admirably puts it. -Albany Argus.

SECTIONAL HATE. The Conduct of Senator Sherman Contrast-

ed with the Conduct of General Grant. Mr. Sherman plunges headlong into the mire of sectional hate. He raves against the return to "high office" of those who "waged war against the Union and were the cause of the loss of half a million of lives and thousands of millions of treasure." He heaps vituperation upon the "Solid South," in which, he says, "the negro is deprived of all his political rights by open violences or by frauds as mean as any that have been committed by penitentiary convicts, and as openly and boldly done as highway robbery." He declares it to be the hope of "the men who led in the civil war" and who are now "the chief officers of the Government" to "reverse all the results of the war." And he professes to regard it as "vital and Not a little astonishment has been necessary to appeal to the Northern States to unite again against this evil, not so open and arrogant as slavery, but more dangerous and equally un-

The people of New York have recently draped their city in mourning to mark their grief at the death of General Grant. Perhaps no action of his life endeared him more closely to their hearts than did the noble words his hand traced in his last hours, when speech had failed him, congratulating the country on the restoration of fraternal feelings between the sections and on the renewed devotion of the South to the Union.

In the letter which he kept from his family until his death, knowing that what would be a solace to them after the final blow had fallen would cause them pain while he still lived, he wrote: "As I have stated, I am thankful for the providential extension of my time

What a contrast between these noble. patriotic words and the malignant ravings of the partisan who, for political purposes, would foster suspicion, jealousy and hatred between the citizens stroy the fraternal bonds cemented at the grave of General Grant? How can

—A Detroit physician says that of more than fifty "sure cures for small-pox" published in the papers not a Detroit Free Press.

-In eight States excellent laws against the circulation of depraying litquire a faithful execution of them to defend, especially the young people, from their moral poison. - Zion's